PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-39

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 7 • No. 18 | CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • OCTOBER 29, 1937 | 5 CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

BUT THE CYMBAL OBJECTS TO HAVING ITS NAME BESTOWED ON A CAT

Oh yes, we've heard the story about the Carmel lady with the two kittens, one weak and whining and the other robust and stentorian.

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AND NOW HIS HANDS ARE STAINED WITH BLOOD

Many a time have we thrown his ball over the fence to the young prince. We once lived at the old Davenport Hotel, just off Pensacola street, in Honolulu, about half a block from Princess Kawananakoa's semi-estate. Young Kalakaua and his sisters, Kapiolani and Liliuokalani, used to play on the wide lawn that sloped down to the street. That slope carried the ball often to the sidewalk. He was a beautiful little boy of 12. We can see his hands, finger-spread for the ball. Now those hands have a beautiful girl's blood on them. *"Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono."* Hardly. Something else must be preserving Hawaii.

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BETH, MY DEAR, YOU READ US BACKWARDS.

Dear Beth:

Over your initials in the metamorphosed *Californian* this week we read: "Therefore why would Mr. Bassett state . . . that he had offered 'four hundred smackers' for (*The Californian*) to 'put it out of its misery.' Is it fear perhaps?"

You read us wrong, Beth; in fact, you read us backwards. By so doing you make us out to be considerably more off-balance mentally than we would admit. We didn't offer four hundred smackers "for" the *Californian*. We offered to take the *Californian* AND "about four hundred smackers" along with it—the four hundred paid you for far-in-advance subscriptions we would have to fulfill. Anybody who "buys" it will have to be compensated for those, you know, or how are you on economics?

As for fear, you haven't the slightest conception of how scared we are.

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BOB LEIDIG SHOULD STAY AS CARMEL'S FIRE CHIEF

THE CYMBAL wishes to go emphatically on record as opposing the removal of Bob Leidig as chief of the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department. We agree with some of the saner heads in the department that he should neither be removed temporarily, through a leave of absence, nor permanently, by resignation.

Personally we like Bob Leidig, personally he is a good and abiding friend to us, but personalities have nothing to do with the matter. We sincerely believe that he has proved himself to be a good chief of a fire department. We believe that for many years to come he will continue to be a good chief of the Carmel fire department.

If we were to deal even with a phase of the personal element we would declare with emphasis that rather than be removed as chief, he should be urged to remain as chief should he voluntarily take it into his head to quit. Carmel owes Bob Leidig a deep debt of gratitude for his service to Carmel, a service that is unpaid and completely unselfish. Sentimentally, it owes it to him.

But Leidig has more than senti-

(Continued on Page Two)

CYMBAL TO ASK WASHINGTON TO GIVE US P.O. EFFICIENCY

THE CYMBAL prints herewith a letter from an exasperated patron of the Carmel Post Office. It is only one of several we have received. It has been selected for publication because it seems to epitomize the complaints which are general throughout the city and which moved THE CYMBAL to take the bit in its teeth and not stop going until it had reached the point of accomplishing something toward efficiency in the Carmel Post Office. We have not printed the name of the writer of this letter because it was received too late for us to communicate with her and ask her permission so to do.

October 22, 1937

W. K. Bassett, Editor
The CYMBAL, Carmel

Dear Mr. Bassett:—

Some people like to collect antiques; others fancy fine porcelain or paper match covers, etc. I began old Wedgewood, but, believe me, nothing could be so intriguing as the collection of envelopes which come to my house via Carmel Post Office. So far, my prize is an envelope stamped on one side "PACIFIC GROVE AUG. 16" and on the other side "CARMEL SEP. 4."

Letters are often unreasonably delayed, sometimes lost, and we are continually getting mail addressed to Colonel Davidson. Why he is selected from all the other box hold-

(Continued on Page Seven)

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CAMERA CLUB PRINT SHOW OPENS TOMORROW

As near as we can determine you're going to enjoy the exhibit of prints by members of the Carmel Camera Club. It will be at Johan Hagemeyer's studio at Ocean avenue and Mountain View. It will open tomorrow afternoon and the hours are from 2 to 5 for a week.

There will be about 30 prints hung in the show and they will be selections, not by any "hanging" committee, but by the camera men themselves. Each one who enters the exhibit will decide which of his prints he wants hung and hung those will be. Some of those who will exhibit are Lloyd Weer, Peter Stuart Burk, Dr. R. A. Kocher, Tom Matthews and R. L. Laney.

Bob Leidig Asked To Quit As Fire Department Chief

SADE'S LICENSE TRANSFER WILL PROBABLY BE GRANTED

It appears certain that Sade Latham's application for a transfer of her liquor license to the Aucourt Building on Lincoln street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street, will be granted by the state Board of Equalization.

Harold F. Crandall, referee for the board, called at THE CYMBAL office on Tuesday of this week and quite definitely left the impression that the board would so act when it meets to pass on the application next Tuesday.

Argyll Campbell, representing Mrs. Latham at the hearing in the Carmel council chamber last Thursday afternoon, expressed himself after that hearing as confident that the application would be granted.

It appears from Crandall's statements in THE CYMBAL office that he and the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., pastor of the Carmel Community Church, do not see eye to eye in regard to what should be verifiable facts in the case. Crandall declares that on the Community Church protest against the granting of the transfer there were only 15 signatures. Bodley has said that there are in the neighborhood of 75 signatures on it. When questioned after Crandall's visit to us, he reiterated this statement.

Bodley informed THE CYMBAL two weeks ago that he had obtained the signatures of every property owner on the block between Ocean avenue and Seventh street, with the exception of Harry Aucourt, Sade's prospective landlord, on a petition of protest. Crandall stated Tuesday that three property owners on the block had failed to sign it. When confronted with this statement by a member of the board of equalization, Bodley evinced surprise and re-declared that he had obtained signatures from every property owner whose names were provided him by Saidee Van Brower, city clerk. If you can make us

(Continued on Page Ten)

LING FU YANG WILL TALK TO WOMAN'S CLUB MONDAY

Miss Ling Fu Yang will be the speaker at the monthly meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club on Monday afternoon, November 1, at 2:30. Her talk will be a discussion of Chinese poetry and she will play several selections on the Chinese lute. The meeting will be a benefit for the Chinese war orphans. The meeting is open to the public.

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Memorial Service To Be Held For Rev. A. B. Chinn

Memorial services for the Rev. Austin B. Chinn, for 13 years rector of All Saints Church, Carmel, will be held at All Saints this Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

The Rev. Dr. D. Charles Gardner, chaplain emeritus of Stanford University, will be the preacher, and James L. Cockburn, senior warden, will speak on behalf of the vestry and the congregation.

Funeral services for the Rev. Mr. Chinn will be held tomorrow (Saturday) morning at 11 o'clock at All Saints Parish House, Palo Alto.

The Rev. Austin B. Chinn died early Wednesday morning at St. Luke's hospital, San Francisco.

His death ends 43 years of service in the Episcopal church, the final 13 of which were as rector of All Saints Parish here in Carmel. He left his charge in Carmel last February and moved with Mrs. Chinn and their daughter, Laurran, to Menlo Park where a new home had been built for them and where the retired rector intended to rest for the remaining years of his life. He was succeeded in Carmel by the Rev. Carel Hulsewé.

Mr. Chinn was born in Virginia and was a graduate of the William and Mary College. He was ordained as a minister of the Episcopal church in 1894. During his 13 years of service in Carmel he was also for a time in charge of St. James parish in Monterey.

Besides Mrs. Chinn and their daughter, he leaves a son, Austin B. Chinn, Jr., of Berkeley, and a brother, Dr. Walter Chinn, living in Virginia.

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NOEL SULLIVAN TO SING AT MUSICAL ARTS CLUB

Noel Sullivan will be the guest singer at the Monterey Musical Arts Club meeting, Tuesday, November 2, at the Van Ess-McGowan home in the Peninsula Country Club. Assisted at the piano by Elizabeth Alexander, well known accompanist, Sullivan will sing a group of German lieder, two old French drinking songs and a group of English songs.

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BORGHILD JANSON CONDUCTS KDON PROGRAM

Borghild Janson will present a musical program over KDON on Thursday evening, November 4, from 9:15 to 9:45 o'clock. Mme. Janson will conduct the program every other Thursday thereafter.

CERTAIN GROUP AMONG FIREMEN WANT HIM TO TAKE LEAVE OF ABSENCE

This Is Compromise Effected When Petition to Council For His Removal Is Blocked

Robert G. Leidig, chief of the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department for 12 years and for 10 years before that first assistant chief, was waited upon by a committee from the members of the department Wednesday evening and asked to take a leave of absence.

This action followed a meeting of the members of the department last Saturday night at the Carmel Pistol Club headquarters when what is said to have been a minority group presented a petition asking the city council to remove Leidig as fire chief. Calmer heads in the department blocked this action and effected a compromise. The compromise was the selection of a committee, consisting of Fred Mylar and David Machado, to wait upon Chief Leidig and ask him if he would consider applying for a leave of absence. Leidig replied that he would take the matter under consideration.

Action of the firemen resulted from apparent dissatisfaction among the men since the opening of the new fire house and the creation of the positions of two paid firemen, last April by the city council. These men are Charles Guth, former police officer, and Vincent Williams, respectively senior and junior fire engine drivers. The dissatisfaction which has been current among a certain group of firemen came to a head last week with the announced resignation of Vincent Williams and his complaint that he had not been treated fairly in the allocation of hours, distribution of duties and the fixing of vacations.

Trouble in the department, consisting of Chief Leidig and 22 men men besides the two paid firemen, started when Councilman Bernard Rowntree, commissioner of fire and water, issued several orders over his signature limiting the use of the new fire house by the men and stringently regulating the activities

(Continued on Page Four)

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LAURA BRIDE POWERS BACK IN HER CARMEL HOME

Laura Bride Powers, California historian and recently custodian of the Old Customs House in Monterey, is now in her Carmel home with her daughter, Mrs. G. A. Applegarth and two grandchildren, Laura Bride and Jimmie Applegarth. Jimmie is now enrolled in Sunset and Laura Bride, who has appeared in several Peninsula dramatic events, is planning to take part in some of the future productions at the First Theater and catch up on a lot of reading.

Mrs. Powers is the author of "Old Monterey," published by the Carmel Press.

General Hand, Mrs. Bigland, Bechdolt Chosen for First Merit System Board

The names of Brigadier-General Daniel W. Hand, retired, Mrs. Dorothy Bigland and Frederick R. Bechdolt will go on the merit system ordinance as members of the first Civil Service Commission to administer civil service in Carmel—if and when the law is accepted either by the city council or by the voters at an initiative election.

At the mass meeting in Sunset Auditorium last Tuesday evening, attended by some 64 citizens, the proposed ordinance was discussed and criticisms made and noted, and a list of 10 persons, eligible and desirable for membership on the first board was selected. From this list a committee selected General Hand, Mrs. Bigland and Bechdolt.

At another meeting, of the original committee of 23, to be held within a few days, the criticisms of the ordinance and the suggestions heard at the mass meeting will be discussed and changes that may be decided upon will be made in the ordinance. It will then be incorporated in a petition which will be circulated among the voters. When 15 per cent, or more, of the voters have signed the petition it will be presented to the city clerk for the verification of names and by her to the council.

The council may either adopt the ordinance forthwith as presented or decline to do so. In the latter case it will then be carried to the voters at a special election for acceptance or rejection.

ment behind his unvoiced claim to Carmel's appreciation. He is doing his work well. No one can gainsay that.

We cannot deny the fact that there are a certain number of men in the department who want him out, but we do deny that they justifiably want him out. What grievances they have, grievances that have any foundation at all, are grievances that have been aroused by another man—not Bob. He has merely had them ricochet on him. They have been aroused by Bernard Rowntree and his propensity for making mistakes. They have been costly mistakes, as far as city government is concerned, and if Bob Leidig is forced out of the fire department they will be incalculably costly.

All was serene in the fire department before the opening of the new building; serene, except for intermittent grumbling that will be heard wherever men are gathered together in an organization for any purpose. But with the opening of the fire station and Rowntree's arrogant, high-handed manner in delivering orders, regulating human activity and curbing social life in the department, rancor began to breed. It continued to live after Rowntree had been legally shown the error of his ways. It was still the living germ of it, re-fertilized by the personal grievances of Vincent Williams and the sympathy of his friends, that gave life to this present trouble.

If Bob Leidig, after 22 years of service in building up the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department, is to be the victim of ingratitude and unreasoning animosity, he will have Bernard Rowntree to blame.

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ARGYLL CAMPBELL BRILLIANT, BUT IS HE WISE?

Sade Latham was wise in retaining Argyll Campbell as her attorney. Argyll Campbell was not so wise in accepting the job. That he will win his case he is convinced. We also are inclined to believe that he will. The victory will undoubtedly increase his reputation for being a smart lawyer, but it will not enhance his reputation as a friend of Carmel. Since the admittedly unfair and short-sighted action of the council in forcing his resignation as city attorney, Campbell has on several occasions expressed himself as having served the city for so many years not for the unremunerative $75 a month he received for so doing, but because he wanted "to live in Carmel and serve the community" in which he lived. His action in representing Sade in her efforts to establish a tap room next to a church (probably the only attorney who could successfully represent her) belies his words.

We are not expressing these sentiments originally only, we are expressing them vicariously also. Several of Argyll Campbell's friends, among whom the editor and publishers of THE CYMBAL have long considered themselves, have expressed them to us. No matter what ramifications of the law can be brought forward by Argyll Campbell, the astute attorney; no matter what technicalities he can put his finger on and cause to hop vigorously about; no matter what holes he may find in his own city ordinance relating to the case, or what interpretations of that ordinance he may make to the satisfaction of the members of the State Board of Equalization, the fact most definitely remains that an on-sale liquor license should not be granted next to a church and Sunday school, either in Carmel, or in any other city or town in the country.

Campbell's statement at the hearing last week that it would be unfair to "deprive Mrs. Latham of the right to carry on her business" will not hold water, not much water. Those who protested the granting of the license in the Aucourt building on Lincoln street, and the city council which unanimously went on record against it, have no intention of depriving Sade of her right to do business, but only of her right to do business wherever she wants to do it, or wherever she finds it most convenient.

We have it on the word of the landlord of her present place of business that she could have remained as his tenant had she been so disposed and had she acted within the time limit set by him for her decision. But even if this information is not correct, as she has repeatedly contended it is not, there were possibly other places which she could have occupied. If there were no others available at the time, that was Mrs. Latham's hard luck, a vicissitude that she could not rightfully ask the Community Church, or the property owners on Lincoln street to help her overcome.

And what about the rights of the Community Church, and of the property owners; what about the desire of the Carmel City Council? Are these to be ignored by the state Board of Equalization? It would seem at the present writing that they are to be. And if they are, it will undoubtedly be because of the ability of Argyll Campbell as a lawyer; not at all because of common justice. And Argyll Campbell's interest in the case is not an altruistic one; it is not because he is moved to serve Mrs. Sade Latham, a helpless pleader before the law, needing his legal assistance; it is not because of what fee he may obtain for his services. It is because he finds in this case an opportunity to frustrate the wishes of the city council which did him wrong. The result will prove him smart, but it will not prove him wise.

And don't think we are not fully aware what this comment will get us. It will get us the ire of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Latham who will claim that we are against them. We like both of them and have openly and publicly and in the columns of this newspaper defended them. And will do so again when we think they are right. But we believe they are wrong in wanting to open a restaurant and sell liquor next to a church—any church. We would believe *anybody* was wrong in wanting to do it and we would say so.

We will also most probably bring down on us the ire of Argyll Campbell, but down in his very big heart he will have to agree that we are right. We have backed him in the past as we will wholeheartedly back him in the future—when we are convinced he is right. This time we are convinced the other way.

—W. K. B.

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SIDNEY CLARK BACK HOME IN CARMEL TO WRITE

Sidney Clark, traveler and writer of his travels, has returned to his family in Carmel after a trip to Austria and Finland where he has been gathering material for a new book. "The Golden Tapestry of California," his most recent publication, will appear in local bookstores in a few weeks.

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SANTA CRUZ COUNTY FAIR WILL START NOV. 11

"Life at Home" and "Back to the Farm" are the twin motifs for the Santa Cruz County Fair which will be held November 11 to 14 in the Auditorium in Watsonville. Individual displays and community exhibits should prove a drawing card for the fair-minded as Santa Cruz is a county with many interesting industries and products.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Looking like a beautiful piece of ancient Egyptian sculpture, *Cairo* Rosenberg, a handsome Afghan hound, passed through the village over the week-end, leaving behind a trail of shattered hearts. The fascinating young man bore himself with an aloofness befitting his ancient lineage, for the Afghan hound is said to be the oldest type of domesticated dog and ancestor of all dogs of the Greyhound type. The images of *Cairo's* forefathers are found on Assyrian inscriptions made about 6000 years ago, and also in ancient Egyptian, Persian and Greek sculpture.

Cairo was wearing a silky coat, *café au lait* in color, and was accompanied by his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Budd Rosenberg, of San Francisco.

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Mickey de Packh is known as "the girl with the Garbo eyelashes," for her eyelashes, marvelous to behold, are actually two inches long. The charming colleen comes rightly by her Hollywood glamor, for she was presented to her master, Gustav de Packh, by Warren William, movie actor, who raised her at his kennels.

Mickey is an Irish terrier and is also known for her wit, and (though she is quite a lady) for her love of a good fight. As to the latter, she upholds her side of an argument with traditional Irish spirit and even that big, black roustabout-town, *Baby*, is afraid of her.

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Speaking of Hollywood glamor, that suave gentleman from the movie colony, *Hugo* Loeffler, was spending a few days here with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Loeffler, his owners. *Hugo*, known to his intimates as "Blackie," also was bred at kennels owned by a moving picture actor—Adolphe Menjou.

The local lads will certainly have to look to their laurels if *Hugo* plans to spend much time here. That boy has charm.

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Bonnie Smith is going to do her Christmas shopping early and buy her master, Bob Smith, of Western Union, a five-foot shelf of books on memory training. *Bonnie* thinks he needs them.

Last week-end Bob was going to drive up to San Francisco to the football game, and he wasn't going to take *Bonnie*. But she likes a good time as well as anyone, so she persuaded Bob to take her along. But after Bob got up there, he mislaid the car with *Bonnie* locked inside, and didn't find them again until two days later.

When one of her friends asked *Bonnie* if she was going to the city this week-end, she looked up and winked one eye and said, "I'm not going to San Francisco again without a chaperone—for Bob."

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Shoot Yourself Down to Legion Shoot Sunday

If you hear a resounding battery of shots Sunday morning from the vicinity of Point Lobos, don't bury your family silver, it is not the enemy at our very door, but just a couple of early birds getting their licks in at the American Legion Turkey Shoot. The idea is to get into your duds, grab a pistol, rifle or what have you, and rush down to Point Lobos and get in the Shoot yourself as the prizes are a truck load of live turkeys and there is a 20-pound one for gate prize alone. In fact you don't even have to shoot to get a prize. Some of them are given out to the just plain lucky.

There will be long range rifle shooting, high power and 22-gauge. Pistol shooting, both skill and chance, and a trap shooting range conducted by Col. O. N. Ford of Del Monte.

Beginning at noon a barbecue lunch will be served by those old masters of the art of sizzling steaks, Tom Riley, Paul Flanders, Herb Brownell and Bill Muscutt. The fee is 50 cents for the beef but there is no admission charge to the Shoot.

Games and a lottery drawing of some very fine, donated prizes will make up the balance of the bill of fare offered by the Legion boys and their wives. The place is the Point Lobos Dairy across the road from the State Park.

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SUNSET P.-T. A. FOOD SALE SCHEDULED FOR NOV. 13

Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, president of the Sunset School Parent-Teacher Association, has announced Saturday, November 13, as the date for the annual Fall Foods Sale. The sale this year will be under the supervision of Mrs. Louis Levinson and the proceeds will go toward the general fund and will help to enlarge the welfare work of the organization. As usual, the sale will be held in the Carmel Garage at the corner of Ocean and San Carlos.

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"I AM" PRESENCE LECTURES BEGIN HERE WEDNESDAY

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ballard and their son, Donald, are giving another series of lectures at La Ribera Hotel on "The Ascended Master's Instructions on the Mighty 'I Am' Presence." The lectures, which began Wednesday, will continue through Sunday at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. daily. Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Gallagher are presenting the lecturers.

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Stanford Savant Talks at Carmel Forum Tuesday

Dr. Russell V. Lee of Stanford University and president of the American Society for the Control of Venereal Diseases, will speak before the Carmel Forum on Tuesday, November 2, at 8 p.m. in Sunset Auditorium. Dr. Lee's appearance here is under the joint sponsorship of the Forum and the Junior Chamber of Commerce. He has recently conducted a campaign in San Francisco in cooperation with the department of health and the American Legion for the control of venereal disease.

In his talk, Dr. Lee will outline the work being done by private organizations as well as what is expected of the public-minded citizen. Don Cummings, president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, will be chairman for the evening.

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SIDNEY ROBERTSON BACK; BRINGS KENTUCK SONGS

Sidney Robertson came back suddenly among us this last week-end and as suddenly departed. But she will return, and soon. She will come back this week-end, perhaps, and certainly in a very few days will be heard at the Greene Studio on Lincoln street in a group of folksongs she recently garnered in Wisconsin lumber camps. We can't imagine what she was doing in lumber camps unless it was just gathering folksongs, but we are enlightened by the fact that they are Kentucky folksongs. It appears that many Kentuckians are up there in the Wisconsin lumber camps and when they arrived from Kentucky they brought their songs with them.

Miss Robertson, who is a talented pianist and was music editor of the now silent *Pacific Weekly*, has done many exciting things since she left Carmel two years ago. For instance, she taught music in the famous Henry Street Settlement in New York for a delightful while (the adjective is Sidney's, dispatched to us by letter) and later was in resettlement work in Washington, D.C. We don't know how she got to Wisconsin. We are more interested in when she gets back to Carmel.

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BODLEY TO TALK ABOUT RUM CONTROL THIS SUNDAY

"Liquor Control and American Democracy" will be the sermon topic at the 11 o'clock service at the Carmel Community Church Sunday morning. Under this head, the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor of the church, will discuss: "Is liquor drinking on the increase?" "Whose Personal Liberty is at stake?" "Is Prohibition returning?" and "What rights has the Church in American Democracy?"

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TAU MU TO HAVE ANNUAL TEA WEDNESDAY

Tau Mu will have their annual tea at the home of Mrs. Leo Bardin in Sargent Court on Wednesday, November 3, from 3 to 5:30 o'clock. The tea is given as part of the Club's activity in raising funds for charity work. The group has been able to aid quite a few high school girls who have not had money to buy clothes. Carmel members of the club are Mrs. Harry Raine and Mrs. William Gleeson.

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SOUR GRAPES

I'm glad the good and the elite
Are so exclusive and discreet;
The smartest clothes and costly faces
Confine themselves in certain places.
They lock the doors and keep the key
And leave the whole wide world for me.

—Libby Ley

CARMEL CAPERS

This week saw many citizens endeavoring to rid themselves of certain unfortunate after-effects of the week before.

You remember those five or six perfectly beautiful Spring days occurring with the divine unreason of nature late in the Fall. And surely you can not have forgotten those nights when a huge and argent moon inclined pensively toward the amorous writhings of waves and the air was thick with the madness of original sin.

Then, just before we all took that short, tempting step across the boundary of what passes socially for sanity, Lady Nature abandoned her mood of wanton voluptuousness and donned those discreet habiliments to which we have been long accustomed.

Again the modest early morning veil of fog, the chaste nocturnal chill. As a brief for human tolerance, we hope it may be said of those among us who are impervious to such super-abundant nocturnal beauty that they have borne patiently with those of us still in the throes of convalescence.

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Anyone who casts aspersions on the business of column writing but grants that a columnist's objective is neither to enlighten nor to inform the public, but simply to fill up a column, will be forced to concede that the above paragraphs represent a sheer masterpiece of columnar redundancy and space-filling.

For the benefit of unbelievers, scoffers in general, and those great masses of the American illiterati who have been conditioned by numberless photographic and pornographic magazines to read nothing occupying more than three lines, we shall briefly paraphrase the context of the previously mentioned paragraphs as follows:

The week before last was elegant weather.

Last week was not so hot.

Beth Staley is confined to bed with a bad back contracted during a moonlight swimming party up the coast.

Many of us, including Ray Burns, who experiences great difficulty simply dragging himself along the village streets, and Bobby Smith who is but a thin wraith-like parody of his former self, are suffering from other equally incommodious discomforts as a result of too much moonlight.

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In that little strip of neutral territory between the commercial district of Monterey and the churchy spire-studded confines of Pacific Grove known as New Monterey, there is a certain much-frequented night club where on a Friday night one finds foregathered the amateur talent from many miles around. Embryonic hip-slingers, lachrimous deep-throated crooners, and tappers who are undoubtedly their mothers' unalloyed delight exhibit their proficiencies to a public as tightly packed and almost as redolent as the sardines whereby they earn their daily bread and beer.

The orchestra is distinguished more by its ardor than its artistry and the dancers more by their fervor than their grace. Nevertheless there is about the place an unselfconscious "joie de vivre" which is a welcome relief to those who have long since wearied of the bleak elegance and middle-class pretentiousness of the large hotels.

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We hope that the very delightful Lieutenant Maverick will prolong his stay among us as he is a distinct addition to Carmel. But someone should certainly inform him that it is bad form to refer to more than the last 18 drinks as a "night cap."

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Although we had never conceived of ourselves as an Elsa Maxwell, we must with all proper modesty concede that the party marking the opening of the Carmel winter social season on Wednesday night was an unparalleled success. It was only the inspiration that was ours, the premises were by courtesy of the genial Jimmy Brucia, the wild chickens by courtesy of Jim Carpenter and the preparations by courtesy of Ray Burns and Willard Whitney.

The affair was exclusive—all the guests being carefully selected and including only practically everyone encountered on the streets of Carmel, Monterey or Pacific Grove during the past week, plus a few slightly puzzled inebriates and fishermen who inadvertently wandered in from Alvarado street during the festivities.

—Libby Ley

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WESTERN UNION MAY GET INVOLVED IN THIS NEW PUNCTUATION SYSTEM

Now you can have free commas, periods, question marks and paragraphs on your telegrams and when you say "stop" it's going to mean "stop" or words to that effect. Western Union has finally decided that it has been just too confusing in the past, so now they are giving complete punctuation service without charge. Wonder what they would do with a message reading:

"Stop don't stop you're breaking my heart . . . "

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CARMEL VALLEY HOME IS DESTROYED BY FIRE

A midnight blaze last Monday destroyed the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mooring in Carmel Valley with damage to the extent of $10,000. Mooring was able to arouse his wife and four children and call the state fire fighters but could make little progress in saving any of the household effects because of the intense heat. The house was located near the Carmelo school. It was partially covered by insurance.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS have considerable on the ball.

"By Candlelight" Here Tomorrow

A distinguished cast of experienced actors, headed by Deane Willoughby, charming English comedienne, will be found in the Golden Bough Green Room on Casanova street near Eighth, Saturday and Sunday nights of this week-end. The play is "By Candlelight," Siegfried Geyer's delightful Viennese comedy, the last play to grace the stage of the old Golden Bough Theater before it burned, early in 1935.

Ted Kuster, who produced and directed the play then, is producer and director now, and actor besides. Kuster productions need no introduction to Carmel.

The company coming here for the local production is the original San Francisco cast which opened there on October 15. It includes Deane Willoughby as the maid; Walter Fell as *Baron Von Felsen;* the baron's valet, *Bastien,* by Edward Girzi, who played in the Forest Theater some years ago; the chauffeur, by Maurice Dee; *Lulu,* by Shelagh Gulde; *Count Von Baltin* by Frank Beckman; the *Countess* by Gabrielle Kuster and *Josef,* the waiter, by Ted Kuster.

The curtain rises at 8:30 sharp, Saturday and Sunday nights. Tickets are at Staniford's.

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O'DONNELL LEAVES RANCH CLUB; NEW MANAGER NOT YET NAMED BY WALKERS

John O'Donnell, who has been manager of the Mission Ranch Club, left Carmel last Sunday for San Francisco. O'Donnell came here the latter part of June, and was on deck for the opening of the swimming pool which has been a big attraction at the Club this summer. O'Donnell's successor will probably be chosen this week-end when Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, owners of the Club, come down from the city.

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EDWARD G. KUSTER PRESENTS
THE GOLDEN BOUGH PLAYERS
TWO NIGHTS ONLY
"BY CANDLELIGHT"
SIEGFRIED GEYER'S CHARMING COMEDY OF VIENNA
8:30 P. M. SHARP
SAT. AND SUN. OCTOBER 30, 31
Admission One Dollar Plus Tax • Tickets at Staniford's Drug Store

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of the same
old things?
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The *Carmel* Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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E. A. H. Watson / A. Porter Halsey

W. K. Bassett

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

Vol. 7 No. 18

October 29, 1937

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly *net paid* circulation of THE CARMEL CYMBAL for the past six months:

April	609
May	647
June	677
July	809
August	760
September	717

The September average weekly net paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *of 535 in the Carmel area (Carmel, Carmel Highlands and Pebble Beach) is far in excess of that of any other Carmel newspaper.*

Leidig Asked To Quit As Fire Chief

(Continued from Page One)

therein. These orders were later withdrawn or changed and Rowntree, on a legal opinion rendered him by George Ross, city judge, decided that he was acting beyond his authority in attempting to run the fire department. Orders thereafter were issued by Chief Leidig, but many of the men remained in the opinion that Rowntree still dominated in fire department official affairs.

Chief Leidig refuses to make a statement regarding the opposition to him by some of the men, but his friends in the department are vigorously defending him and opposing his removal, either by resignation or leave of absence.

Should Chief Leidig accede to the request that he take a leave of absence, his first assistant, Vincent Torres, would automatically take charge of the department without action by the city council.

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FLORENCE LOCKWOOD HAS PASTELS IN EXHIBIT

Florence Lockwood has had an exhibit of portraits in pastels at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles for the past week. Mrs. Lockwood is a member of the Carmel Art Association and has done portraits of many Carmel people while she was living here.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS take care of the baby when mother wants to play bridge.

Wherein a Humble Personage Seeks To Buy Some Lovely Property

The old car didn't seem to have any "rush" left in it, yet it moved up the Monterey-Carmel hill quietly, and the man at the wheel was singularly suited to his conveyance. He had a peaceful countenance, and he gave a friendly nod to the occupants of the new cars that rushed past him. One or two nodded back, amused by the appearance of the stranger and his vehicle; but in most instances, they either failed to notice him or cursed him for his congestive rate of travel.

As he approached the Pebble Beach gate, a large limousine swerved in front of him. The guard hurried to open the gate, and stood at an attitude of respect while the chauffeur-driven car sped through. The gate was closed on the stranger.

"This is a private drive," said the guard, "there is a toll of fifty cents."

"Oh," replied the stranger, "I didn't know. I don't usually carry money with me."

"Sorry," said the guard, "but I can't let you pass. Please pull over to one side, here comes a car," and a man drove up in a sleek roadster, blowing his horn impatiently.

The stranger backed his car to one side and the roadster passed through the gate, its occupant acknowledging his own importance by a condescending nod to the guard.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, "but was that the man who owns all of the land in there, and the roads which you collect a toll to travel on? I don't wish to seem impertinent," he continued, "but I just happened to notice that you didn't collect a toll from him."

"No," replied the guard, "he owns some property in the Del Monte Forest and he pays a tax to help maintain the roads."

"Oh, I see," said the stranger.

"By the way," continued the stranger, "could you tell me how to get to Carmel?"

"Just follow this road until you see the sign directing you to turn down the hill," replied the guard.

"Is there a toll-gate there?" asked the stranger.

"No," replied the guard.

"I see," said the stranger, thoughtfully. "Well, I think I'll go there."

In Carmel he drove up to the curbing in front of a drug store where a Chinese was washing a window.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, "but could you tell me how to get to the seventeen-mile-drive?"

"Sure!" replied the Chinese, and gave the stranger directions. The stranger thanked the Chinese and started to go when the Chinese said: "Wait, I wash window," and he washed the windshield on the stranger's car. 'Now, see better," he said, smiling.

"Thank you," replied the stranger and drove away.

At the entrance to the Drive, the gate was closed and when the guard approached, the stranger greeted him benignantly and said, "Is this another toll gate?"

"Yes."

"It's difficult to get into the Del Monte Forest, isn't it?" said the stranger.

"Yes, the company is very particular about who passes through the gates," replied the guard. "And even more so about who owns property."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes, the seventh paragraph in the deed reads: 'That the premises herein described shall not, nor shall any part thereof, nor any estate or interest therein, or any improvements thereon, at any time, be sold, conveyed, leased or transferred to, or be occupied or used or permitted to be occupied or used by, Asiatics, Negroes, or any person born in the Turkish Empire, nor any lineal descendant of such person, except that the persons of said races may be employed as household servants'."

"Well, I guess that lets me out," said the stranger.

"Why, who are you?"

"I'm Jesus Christ."

—FRANK TOWNSEND

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SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

A bulletin stating the educational, recreational and health facilities and the active policy of Sunset School was sent to all parents of children attending the school at the beginning of this week. The outline went over the major points in the school routine and listed the opportunities for parental co-operation with the school curriculum.

Mrs. Florence Morrow, school nurse, especially urged parents to provide a mid-morning glass of milk or orange juice for their children at an average cost of 25 cents per week. She also stated that the school was anxious to have a complete health record of each child and sugested the family doctor as the logical person to make this analysis.

The bulletin also gave information on school assemblies, the Parent-Teacher Association, the Sunset Report Card system and the cafeteria. Mrs. Helen Poulsen, cafeteria supervisor, in an effort to help each child in selecting a balanced meal, either completely at the school cafeteria or to supplement lunch brought from home, is offering a bonus of a cookie or piece of candy to every child with a balanced tray. Parents are invited to visit the cafeteria and have lunch with their child that they may assure themselves the school is making every effort to fill the child's needs.

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Traffic squad regulations for Sunset School have been worked out with Robert Norton, chief of police, and the members of the Carmel police force. Under the captainship of Jimmie Kelsey the school patrol is on duty during the rush periods. All pupils are required to cross San Carlos street in the regular traffic lanes. The patrols are to report excessive speeding and violation of the "No Parking" and "Stop" signs.

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The student assembly at Sunset School this morning at 11 o'clock will present the school orchestra under the direction of Madeline Currey and a pageant, "The Makers of the World," by members of the Eighth grade class under the direction of Frances Cottle Johnson. Parents are invited to the program.

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Sunset Glow, the school magazine, will be out in a week or so.

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Tuesday, November 2, at 1:30 o'clock, the primary departments will present an assembly program for the rest of the school and parents. Children in the classes of Bernice Riley and Mrs. Lilly C. Trowbridge will present a dramatization of nursery rhymes and youngsters from Mrs. Bernita Ninneman's room will give "A Fashion Show Around the World."

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Francis Lederer and Margo, recently married, spent the week-end in Carmel.

In and Out... of CARMEL SHOPS

JUST THE THING—for evening are those little woven purses, just big enough for the compact, hanky and the ever-present lipstick I saw at the Fraser Looms, and so reasonably priced, too. I heard that Jean Arthur has had the material for a dress of sheer wool woven for her by Mrs. Fraser, and a coat to match it in two tones is on the looms now. To make life complete, in my opinion, one should have a Siesta Blanket, light but so warm, and in such beautiful colors. A practical luxury.

\+

YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IT, but it's true. There's an excellent lending library in connection with Macbeth's Decorating Shop and it has all the latest fiction, and non-fiction (if you will be highbrow) and, for you big tired business man, the very best mystery stories for those hours when it's raining and you can't play golf.

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DID YOU EVER SEE A POEM? I did at the Cinderella Shop the other day. I might explain to those who doubt, that this particular poem was one of those new brocaded evening gowns. It's the same kind of brocade we use on our very best furniture and for drapes if we care nothing for the expense. Picture a brocade of an indescribable silver sheen with tiny blue flowers scattered over it, made with adorable puff sleeves and a full circular skirt and the most unusual clips with large dull blue stones surrounded by moonstones that took on the shades of the dress. Sorry, I'll have to stop, I'm getting weak with envy for the fortunate woman who is going to possess that dream of a dress. That brocade will wear forever, long enough to become an heirloom in the family.

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FOR MEN ONLY. If you want to make an impression on, and a real hit with, the best beloved, give her one of those gorgeous costume rings of old gold with a deep blue stone. They are simply stunning at Mrs. Carol Edwards' Art and Gift Shop next to the Carmel Theatre. She has a grand selection of costume jewelry and it's inexpensive, too. Crosses are being worn by the movie stars. At this shop you'll find them jeweled and plain. Take a look-see at the metal evening bags while you're there.

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IT SUGGESTS ROMANCE—that name, Treasure Chest, and I love to browse around among all the beautiful and rare things displayed there. The other day, Mrs. Hairs showed me some stunning hand-made sterling silver jewelry. There was a bracelet I yearned for. One could buy oneself a gift without flattening the purse very much. And for a gift for someone else, there are those new cigarette boxes, trays and boxes made of different varieties of woods cleverly creating a scene with a cypress and maybe an ocean. They are very new and not costly and so decorative.

—M. R. S.

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SPECIAL FOR HALLOWE'EN!

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GOBLIN CAKE

A real homemade kind—an unusual combination of rich yellow & chocolate

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CLANGING CYMBALS

We have been told that we must stop work for a while, and today we are saying a reluctant goodbye to Clanging Cymbals.

Amongst our little chits of things that we save from time to time, we have (though we can't find it at the moment) a verse clipped from the *New Yorker* a couple of years ago about Queen Semiramis. Of how she could not be found one day. She had simply gone and got herself among the missing persons and she never came back. Of this jingle we remember only the last two lines:

"For it takes a weary queen to slam
a palace door
And it takes a witty woman to give herself the air."

Well, we are neither a queen nor a witty woman, but we are very tired and are giving ourself the air. What air, we are not quite certain at the moment. Perhaps we shall give ourself another chance at the Carmel air for a month or so. Then, we dare say, some thinner air. After that, maybe some middle-sized air, which would be about the kind that Henniker, New Hampshire, has. Much as we hate to think of leaving Carmel, it is rather exciting to run over in your mind the different sorts of air in the world.

Closing the small gate on San Carlos street where the CARMEL CYMBAL is got up—with W. K. looking straight through you, Dorothea straight at you and Virginia over your shoulder at the next person coming in to the office to subscribe to the best small-town newspaper anywhere—is truly like closing a palace door. How wonderful they have all been! What nice people they are! We are going to keep our key and slip in now and then with something we would rather publish in the CARMEL CYMBAL than anywhere in the world. That is, if W. K. will print it.

* * *

Are you a Cosmo Topper?

Cosmo was getting a bit thick in the thighs. He had begun to notice, when he sat down opposite Mrs. Topper and her sewing after dinner, with *Scallops* the cat in his lap, that *Scallops* had more and more lap-room. His life was bounded on the north by Saturday night's underdone veal and on all the other sides, including south by south-southeast, by Mrs. Topper's resultant dyspepsia. He was approaching forty and only the lively blue of his eyes remained to him of what life once seemed to promise him. Every day he went to the Carmel Dairy or to Sade's for lunch. On Wednesday nights he occasionally felt a small pricking somewhere underneath the adipose tissue and that was Civic Duty pinching him and reminding him that he should go to Council meeting now and then. He had come to consider Mrs. Topper's dyspepsia as one of those things, like her permanent waves and the runs in her stockings.

But there were still moments when Mr. Topper, reading a Purity ad as he came out of the Post office, would bump into a lovely brown girl in shorts and look her straight in the eye, intending to be severe, and the severity would melt up hot in him and he'd feel quite funny for a minute. Much less married and quite a little less than forty. At times like that he thought how nice it would be to go hop-skipping down Ocean avenue, entirely upsetting about half the people he knew. He'd watch a gay gray squirrel leap from one Monterey Pine to another and drop the Purity ad in the gutter, in spite of having written the CYMBAL a letter about the dirty streets only yesterday.

On one such day as this Mr. Topper had come face to face with a young thing with long black eyelashes and nothing but space—oh, baby, what space—between her halter and her shorts. And he took the wrong turn to get to his own house. In fact, he got quite a long way from home, wandering sort of absently in the car, when all of a sudden . . .

"Topper" was the first and far, far the best of Thorne Smith's books, and it's coming, filmed, to the Carmel Theatre Saturday night, with Roland Young as *Cosmo Topper*, who found that life was a much more entertaining, altogether remarkable affair than most people even guess. We think the picture funny. Very funny, in fact.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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Many Will Join C.B.S. Concert Association

Representatives of the Columbia Broadcasting Company met with 120 music lovers at the Hotel Resetar in Watsonville last Monday night to launch the campaign for membership in the Watsonville Co-operative Concert Association. The CBS presented the names of 15 major artists who would be available to the series which will be made up of three concerts. Membership price for the three concerts is $3, or $1.50 to high school students. No single seats are being sold for the series, but the tickets are transferable.

The committee is meeting Saturday to pick out the three artists and the dates of the concerts which will be at the Auditorium in Watsonville. These are to be chosen from slips of paper issued at the banquet last Monday night and in any event must contain some fine names, as the original list of 15 includes Sigrid Onegin, Katherine Meisle, Bruna Castagna, Rosa Tentoni, Ray Middleton, Charles Gorin and Wilbur Evan, vocalists; Mischa Elman, Muriel Kerr and Eugene List, instrumentalists; and in the dance group, Agna Enters, the Jooss Ballet and Fowler and Tamara.

The tickets may be obtained at the Grove Pharmacy in Pacific Grove, Abinante's in Monterey, or from any of the members of the committee. Mrs. Margaret F. Grant is in charge of the Carmel group. The sale will close at 4 o'clock tomorrow.

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Bruce Kendall was in town over the week-end. Bruce is attending college in Coalinga now and saw many of his friends while visiting here.

First-Aid Talks Open to All at Fire House

Dr. Claude F. Peters, Red Cross first-aid field representative, is now conducting a special first-aid course for instructors every night at 7:30 this and next week at the Carmel Fire House. The course began last Monday with a review of the work done under the Standard first-aid course and diplomas will be awarded at the completion of the training a week from tonight. Dr. Peters

Dr. Claude F. Peters

has already inspired the confidence of the men working under him who will be able to give instruction themselves when they complete the course.

The instruction is valuable to everyone whether you get a certificate or not and all are invited to attend the course. Dr. Peters says "First-aid instruction teaches the individual how to care for such things as severe hemorrhage, prevention and caring for shock, what to do in regard to fractures and burns and the proper 'lifts' and 'carries' to get the patient out of the danger zone." "What to do and what not to do" are the important things to know in first-aid.

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Filmarte Offers Dickens' Tale

Dickens' famous story of the French Revolution, "A Tale of Two Cities," will be shown in its film version at the Filmarte for three days starting Sunday. Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan will take the leads in the picture, which shows the tumultuous times in the overthrow of the old French monarchy and the establishment of the Republic.

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The regular meeting day of the Women's Auxiliary of the Carmel Community Church has been changed to the first Tuesday in every month so as not to conflict with the P-T. A. meetings. The next luncheon date for the Auxiliary will be Tuesday, November 2, at which time the members will hear a talk by Mrs. James Woodruff, wife of the new pastor in Pacific Grove. Mrs. Woodruff will speak on "Some Japanese Friends." The meeting will begin at 12:30 o'clock. Part of the business to be discussed will concern the annual church bazaar which will be held December 4.

Looks As Though Our Court House Born of a Feud

Apropos of the Monterey Court House dedication in Salinas tomorrow morning is the question of whether the architect and the artist had a feud on while working at this building or whether the artist was just called in at the last moment to do his durndest. Bob Stanton was architect for the job and the building has a nice sort of sprawling unity with a court and a fountain in the center to take away from the cast-concrete-modern-factory-type of outer building. The good lines of the windows and plain surfaces, however, are pretty well botched by the Jo Mora contributions which include the now famous "Sally Rand of Salinas," a relief plaque of lady Justice with sword and drapery and some fine Egyptian hieroglyphics and some very poor anatomy, and a gallery of heads of Monterey county pioneers from the lowly Indian to the modern miss which are strung along the outside of the building looking as if they had just "crashed through" the cement, chin first. A veritable Blue Beard's horror chamber.

May the functioning within the Court House not be affected by the non-functional decorations on the outside. The opening will be from 10 to 11 o'clock tomorrow if you are civic-minded. —V. S.

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Members of the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department and their wives, to a total of 32, gathered round for a venison feed in the fire house last Saturday night. They had as their special guests Councilman Bernard Rowntree, Chief of Police Robert Norton and Earl Wermuth, police officer.

CARMEL ARTISTS TAKE PRIZES AT PEN CLUB EXHIBIT

Two members of the Carmel Art Association took prizes at the art exhibit of the Pen Women of America at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco last week. Edith Heron received first prize in the watercolor portrait group and J. Vennerstrom Cannon took second prize in oils for a landscape.

Here's an Adventure!

JAPANESE EATS!

You Will Find Sukiyaki Delicious

AZUMA-TEI Japanese Restaurant
436 Adams Street • Monterey, Cal.

. . . . in a lovely Japanese garden

Asilomar

announces the Friday Night Club Dances starting October 29th with a Hallowe'en Party. • You are cordially invited to become a member. . . . and to bring guests

Miriam Watson
Hostess

Bob Beach's
Orchestra
+
Merrill Hall, Asilomar, 8:30 p.m. October 29th

Membership dues 50c a person admission each dance attended

A BIG

Barn Dance

Saturday Night, October 30

AT

THE CORNER

•

Come in any kind of clothes
—a good time for everybody

DEL MONTE AVENUE AND TYLER STREET • MONTEREY

ELLA'S SOUTHERN KITCHEN

35 CENT LUNCH

Soup or Salad
Fresh Vegetable • A Meat Dish
Hot Biscuits and Honey
Coffee and Dessert

11:00 TILL 2:30

SIXTH AND MISSION STREET

FOR . . . Hallowe'en Dinner

OR ANY SPECIAL OCCASION

Make it a Success

BY SERVING EXTRA SPECIAL TEMPTING DISHES SUCH AS

SYLMAR GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

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COME AND GET IT!

A Column About Eating and Eaters

Here's a new vegetable you have to take your hat off to—it has so many virtues it's almost too good to be true. It's the *chayote!* The pink slip which describes this paragon among vegetables tells you the chayote is a "valuable new sub-tropical vegetable practically free from starch." Food specialists of the U. S. Department of Agriculture vouch for the fact that it contains an average of only 1½ per cent starch as compared with 14½ per cent in potatoes. At the same time the fuel value is only 145 calories per pound, which makes it nutritious but not fattening. That's good news, eh? Also chayotes have a considerable amount of iron, 3 times as much as potatoes, and 4 times as much as tomatoes. And, to cap the climax, they produce an alkaline reaction, and if you don't appreciate that fact you must be one of those rare birds who never needed a soda mint.

I cooked chayotes the other night and, believe me, I was prepared to be pretty mad if the family didn't like them. They (the family) aren't very enthusiastic about new dishes, especially if by chance they learn that said dishes are good for them. But chayotes turned out to be very mild in flavor (a bit like people with as many virtues!) and were eaten without protest if not with passionate pleasure. There are quite a number of recipes given for preparing chayotes, in curry and soufflé, fritters, salads and so forth, which sound perhaps more tasty than just boiled and buttered as we had them for our first trial. But I thought we'd get the personality of the chayote better this way, the circular having said: "The vegetable is particularly attractive and pleasing to the taste when served by this simple method."

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Every time I see a cake recipe I yearn to try it. I've clipped dozens and dozens which I think I'm going to paste in my cookbook and really bake some day. But I never do. My life is too full of a number of things!

I've found that for me the safe and sane way is to have one foundation recipe that *always* comes out deliciously tender and melting—and then get my variety in the way I fill and frost the cake.

This particular recipe I use is not only much more easily and quickly put together than most cakes, but it's more economical than many, without showing it. It hasn't a crumb of butter, yet it's always moist and stays fresh for days if necessary. Here are the ingredients: 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder (just slightly rounded), 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup hot milk. Beat eggs very thoroughly till light, continue to beat while adding sugar and salt. Add flour, sifted twice, and baking powder; then vanilla and finally add milk, a little at a time. Bake in two 8-inch layer cake tins, greased and floured, in oven at 375 degrees Fahrenheit. Right here let me warn you not to over-bake. If there is any secret about making this cake perfect I think it is that. Take the pans out of the oven when the cake has turned a pale golden color, but not dark brown. Don't be alarmed if the bottom is slightly damp and some of it sticks to the pan. If it is too thoroughly browned there is danger of it becoming tough, instead of the deliciously tender, moist texture which makes this cake so satisfactory.

There are any number of ways to finish your cake but I have four favorites: lemon, orange, coconut and chocolate.

Both the S.M.M. and the Y.M. have the sort of appetites which prefer meat to cake and are perfectly happy without any dessert. (I ask you, parenthetically, if this state of things isn't pretty tough on a lady with a firmly-rooted sweet tooth like mine!) They do not easily wax enthusiastic over cake of any description and they are quite frankly critical—or, perhaps I should say, critically frank. So that, if the S.M.M. ever comes back for a second helping and says to make it generous, well, that means the cake is a howling success. And here is the lemon filling that, combined with a soft, fluffy white frosting, usually gets the blue ribbon: 3 tablespoons flour, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup boiling water. Mix flour and sugar in saucepan, add hot water, stirring thoroughly and cook over moderate heat. You must stir constantly while it is cooking until it thickens and clears. Then add 1 egg yolk slightly beaten, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon of butter, 1 tablespoon water. Cook a few minutes longer until thick, and let cool before putting between layers.

This filling recipe conveniently leaves you with an egg white, which I use in the following way for the frosting: Boil ¾ cup sugar and ¼ cup water together until you can spin a long thread from the spoon. Then pour this syrup very slowly into the stiffly-beaten egg white, beating the mixture continually until all the syrup is used and the frosting is thick enough to spread without running. Flavor. If you get tired of plain white on your cakes you might appropriately use a few drops of yellow vegetable coloring in this frosting.

Chocolate finish next time!

Re popcorn: there's an excellent kind you can buy in bulk at Nielsen's. When popped, each big fluffy kernel has a golden tinge. It looks almost as if it were already buttered! Of course, you can't fool a regular popcorn addict that way, but anyhow, you can save a little toward the butter by using this variety because it's only 25 cents for 2 pounds, whereas all the package brands run from 16 to 19 cents for 1 pound.

+

Virginia says that good applesauce can be made with *pears*—those fine Carmel Valley pears—and that likewise a good applesauce cake can be made with this pear-applesauce. Among a few other accomplishments Virginia knows a lot about cooking, although she does *say* that Remo is a better cook than she is. Anyhow, when you ask Virginia at the end of a long day filled with a lot of this and that, what you can have for dinner that's different, she always has a suggestion, usually several of them, all good. So if she recommends this applesauce cake—can't we portmanteau it into "prapplesauce cake"?—you can safely try it!

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One of the things I find so endearing in my friend, Dr. Chase, is his sincerity and frankness. If he is doubtful about the value of a recipe he tells you so and if he thinks it specially good he does not hesitate to add his opinion. For instance, he remarks that Apple Custard is "Very Nice" but that Apple Custard Pie is "The Nicest Pie Ever Eaten"! Wouldn't you like to know how to make the nicest pie ever eaten? Well, you "peel your apples," says Dr. Chase in his large masculine way, "and stew until soft and not much water left in them; then rub them through a cullender—beat 3 eggs for each pie to be baked; and put in at the rate of 1 cup of butter and 1 of sugar for 3 pies; season with nutmeg." Then he adds: "My wife has recently made them with only 1 egg to each pie, with only half a cup of butter and sugar each, to 4 or 5 pies; but the amount of sugar must be governed somewhat by the acidity of the apples . . . Bake as pumpkin pies, which they resemble in appearance; and between them and apple pies in taste; very nice indeed. We find them equally nice with dried apples by making them a little more juicy.

"If a frosting was put on them, as in the 'Lemon Pie,' then returned, for a few moments, to the oven, the appearance, at least, would be improved."

You notice that it was *Mrs.* Chase who kept down the budget in that family!

—CONSTANT EATER

New Contribution to Our Sleviniana; Weird Story About 'Bicycle' Stamps

It's getting so you can't believe a word this fellow Louis Slevin (pencil-seller, Ocean avenue, near Dolores) says.

Now comes he and deposes and tells us that he has two "Bicycle Stamps," printed in 1893, and issued for the purpose of paying for mail carried on a route out of Fresno ON A BICYCLE. He further perjures himself by declaring that they are 25-cent stamps, diamond-shaped, and bearing the picture of a bicycle. Further goes he and does some swell detailed romancing. He gives us the name of one, A. C. Banta, as the bicycle-rider out of Fresno for 20 miles, or the first lap in the bicycle mail route.

We've got it all down in our note book (10 cents at Slevin's, stationery, Ocean avenue, near Dolores) and it looks queerer the more we look at it.

It seems, says Louis S. Slevin (magazine vendor, Ocea—skip it) that in 1893 there was a strike on the California railroads and the United States post office couldn't get its mail run up and down the state. It seems, further, that somebody had the bright idea of sending letters, etc., on their way via bicycles. It seems, still further, that A. C. Banta was one of those selected for mail delivery in this wise. It seems that Banta's lap was from Fresno 20 miles out. There he delivered his sack of mail to another bicycle rider who proceeded north. How far, Louis S. Slevin (God knows where he'll go when he dies) doesn't know.

But the kick in the thing is (and this is what stumps us, dangles us out on the limb, as it were, in the matter of our incredulity) that Slevin can produce the two stamps, one printed in green to stick on a letter, and one in brown, already printed on an envelope. It also confounds us that Louis' green stamp and his amber envelope bear the actual U.S. postmark of the Gilroy post office. That is, says Louis, the bicycle route went that far, anyway, getting the mail to Gilroy where it was taken in charge by accredited government officials.

The whole thing came up and about by the receipt by Slevin of a letter from no less a bird than this Banta, himself, now grown old with years, who asked if he could borrow Slevin's "Bicycle" stamps to display in the exhibit of the California Philatelic Society at the Veterans' Building, Civic Center, San Francisco, November 8 to 14.

Louis said he could, if that's any interest to you.

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(Washington Elbertas)
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Dolores near Ocean • Telephone 446
Free Delivery

CYMBAL TO ASK WASHINGTON TO GIVE US P.O. EFFICIENCY

(Continued from Page One)

ers I do not know, but if every box holder gets some one else's mail as often as we get the colonel's then this is one possible explanation of the frequent loss of mail.

It would be tedious for me to go into details here of my unhappy postage experiences in Carmel, but in spite of these maddening occurences, and the uncalled-for rudeness and inefficiency of the extra help taken on at Christmas time, I wish to state that from SOME of the Carmel Post Office personnel I have always had the most considerate and obliging attention, and I see no reason why the public should be forced to put up with the absolute incompetence of the others.

I trust Mr. Farley has answered your letter and that we shall see his reply in the next CYMBAL.

But while the letters we have received tell the story pretty well they are not sufficient in number to warrant our getting all heated up about the matter. And if we were to act on correspondence only we would decide that Carmel, indifferent in most things, was equally indifferent about the treatment it receives at the Carmel post office.

But—and this is a large but—more than two dozen users of the post office have buttonholed members of THE CYMBAL staff on the street and expressed their enthusiastic support of our fight. More than this, each one of them has endeavored to pour his or her particular complaint into our ears. We have rebelled at this. We want it in writing.

Finally we have come to a decision. If you won't write a letter perhaps you will write your name. So, this week-end THE CYMBAL is preparing a petition, addressed to the First Assistant Postmaster General at Washington, D.C., asking for relief from the present deplorable conditions in the Carmel Post Office.

If we don't get a couple of hundred signatures to such a petition before the next issue of THE CYMBAL we'll eat the said petition, in public, and on the sidewalk in front of the post office, and Mrs. Cator and her staff may let down those front curtains and watch us doing it.

THE CYMBAL does not intend to let up on this fight until we get relief. No one can talk us out of it, plead us out of it, or force us out of it. We have received one subscription stop on account of it, but three new subscriptions because of it. But if the ratio changes, that won't stop us either. In fact, we don't think anything will stop us short of a well-placed bomb.

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SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE APPEALS FOR BOOKS FOR SAILORS

The Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco has announced its 14th annual Book Drive for this week. Books for the Seamen's library may be left at the Carmel Public Library or at any public library. Each crew library is made up of 50 books which will cater to every taste. Good fiction, history, biography, travel and scientific subjects are sought for recreational leading and a call has been made for up-to-date books on navigation, seamanship, marine engineering and allied technical subjects.

\+ + +

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS cost 15 cents a line a month—that is if you let them stand.

'Abraham Lincoln' Walks Among Us

"The Very Devil of Abraham Lincoln" was walking the streets of Carmel last Sunday. At least, that is what Professor Dawn De Fleury calls himself and if you saw him you would not wonder. Tall, lean, bearded, with a high hat and a frock coat, De Fleury is a familiar sight around San Jose where he has lived the past 49 years. A kindly, sincere man, he has made a life-long study of Lincoln and has sought to emulate him in every way.

De Fleury was born in Illinois, just 20 miles from where Lincoln practised law. As a young man he grew a beard to be like his own father. The beard was red and long and one day he cut it short and looking in a mirror saw "the very devil of Lincoln himself." It was then that he decided to wear clothes of the type Lincoln wore. For the past 20 years De Fleury has been an itinerant preacher and for two years he has worked as an extra in Hollywood. He says that he is returning to Hollywood soon to be in a picture with Shirley Temple. De Fleury says that he loves everyone, red, black, white or yellow, and that he is "a brother to every man and a sister to every woman."

\+ + +

ROBERTS-LESCHKE LOST; JUST DISABLED CAR

John Roberts and Hans Leschke were reported lost over the week-end but a broken-down car was discovered to be the cause for the alarm. Roberts and Leschke drove down from San Francisco and went on down the coast into Big Sur for a couple of days. Their parents were worried when they did not hear from them but a telephone call from the Sharp place on the Coast road quieted all fears.

\+ + +

GEORGIA RANNEY TO OPEN PRE-SCHOOL IN CARMEL

Georgia Ranney will re-open her pre-school at the Josephine Culbertson house on Lincoln and Seventh streets. With Miss Ranney in this venture is Marjorie Lowell. Miss Ranney has just returned from a trip to the Orient. She and her mother, Mrs. Cornelia Ranney, have taken the Benedict cottage on Scenic Drive. Yesterday afternoon they entertained a group of friends and interested parents at a tea.

\+ + +

Ann Harding is visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles Frisbie at the Frisbie home on The Point.

Personalities & Personals

Dr. George Wintermute of Berkeley was in Carmel over the week-end to see the progress on the new Wintermute house on Scenic. Mrs. Wintermute is staying in Carmel at present, supervising the job.

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Mrs. Richard T. Keiran and Mary Keiran entertained as their guest last week-end Petite Crowell of San Francisco.

\+

A dancing party at Del Monte last Friday night was preceded by a few rounds of cocktails at Bill Austin's home in the Country Club. Toasts were drunk to two engaged couples, Charlotte Lawrence and Lieutenant Robert Fergusson, and Rosa Miller and Lieutenant Frederick Barnes, and to Gordon Campbell, who will be admitted to the bar (legally) on November 9.

\+

Home from their honeymoon and getting established in their home on North Carmelo, are Dale and Virginia Leidig.

\+

Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Rising, married last Sunday at St. Mary's-by-the-Sea in Pacific Grove, will make their home in Carmel after they return from a wedding trip. Mrs. Rising was Floraine Edmonston of Turlock and formerly a student at San Jose State College. The groom is a resident of Pacific Grove, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Al Rising.

\+

John and Carol Steinbeck have at last decided on a name for their place in the Los Gatos foothills. It is *Arroyo del Ajo*, or in odoriferous English, "Garlic Gulch."

\+

Peter Rooke-Ley is in Tucson, decorating some houses there.

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Austin Reynolds is in the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital recovering from an operation for fusion of the spine. The operation was performed last Tuesday and was quite successful.

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Major William Kneass and Bill Kneass arrived in town last Thursday from Denver, Colorado. The Major will make his home here in Carmel and Bill will be here for about a month getting his father settled and will then light out for Colorado again or maybe down to Bolivia to work for a tin mine . . . he hasn't decided yet.

\+

Jessie Joan Brown and her sister, Ellen, are off for a week's vacation to Palo Alto and points north. Jessie conducts the "Dog Days and Nights" column in THE CYMBAL.

\+

Helen Wills Moody chaperoned a group of young people on a visit to Del Monte Lodge last week-end. Those in the party were Eda Sherman, Francis Mein, Burleigh Paltee and Charles de Bretteville.

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Lady Swaythling of London reported to the San Francisco *News* that she liked Carmel. We didn't see Lady Swaythling so we don't know.

\+

Mrs. Nita Taylor, recently of Berkeley and not so recently, but nearly so, of Honolulu, has taken charge of the rental bureau of the Carmel Realty Company.

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Whitney's
YOU HAVEN'T DONE
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In the heart of the village . . . in more ways than one
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Gretchen Schoeninger Among Original Class of 25 at New Bauhaus, Chicago

It is exciting that Gretchen Schoeninger of Carmel is one of the original group of 25 students of art who make up the first class in the New Bauhaus, American School of Design, in Chicago. It is equally exciting that the husband of Virginia Tooker, Hin Bredendieck, is on the faculty.

The story of the New Bauhaus is intensely interesting. That it has as its director, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, famous Hungarian designer, and a leading figure in the Bauhaus in Dessau, Germany, has drawn the eyes and attention of America's art world in its direction. As *Time* remarks in the current issue: its "chances appear excellent of profoundly affecting the habits of U.S. builders."

Bauhaus curriculum provides for six years of intensive training. In the first year the student is compelled to take the preliminary courses which include analytical and constructive drawing, study of basic design, and scientific subjects. In the next three years the required training includes materials and tools, construction and representation, nature study, light, photography and film publicity, glass, stone, clay, sculpture, color, painting and decorating, wood, metal, plastic. Then, in the final two years the student is permitted to elect final, intensive and specialized training either in architecture, building, engineering, town planning or social service.

The New Bauhaus is housed in the old Marshall Field mansion, turned over to it by Marshall Field, III.

The "statement of being" in its announcement is of vital and affecting interest. It reads:

"We know that art itself cannot be taught, only the way to it. We have in the past given the function of art a formal importance, which segregates it from our daily existence, whereas art is always present where healthy and unaffected people live. Our task is, therefore, to contrive a new system of education which, along with a specialized training in science and technique leads to a thorough awareness of fundamental human needs and a universal outlook. Thus, our concern is to develop a new type of designer, able to face all kinds of requirements, not because he is a prodigy but because he has the right method of approach. We wish to make him conscious of his own creative power, not afraid of new facts, working independently of recipes.

"Upon this premise we have built our program."

Carmel Music Society's Program For Winter Holds Surprises

The eleventh season of the Carmel Music Society holds many surprises in store for us. The usual high standard has been maintained in the effort "to bring to the Monterey Peninsula music that is represented by the most significant programs and artists the world is offering today." On looking back over the history of the society it is amazing to notice how many of the truly great have visited this community during the past few years.

This year the series begins in December with Rudolph Serkin, brilliant young pianist who had such an unusually enthusiastic reception in New York last year. His playing is said to have reached the point of the sensational. Carmel will hear him at the peak of his career.

The second concert will bring to us nothing less than Shan-Kar and his Hindu Ballet! At first it was hardly thought possible that the society could secure such an outstanding performance for this little town, but eventually it came to pass. Shan-Kar will appear with his famous troupe at the Sunset School Auditorium on February 19. This event should be a deeply significant experience, for not only are the dances supremely beautiful and the music exotic and fascinating, but the whole performance is based upon an understanding of human emotions such as can only perhaps be drawn from India. It will be one of the last opportunities of seeing Shan-Kar in America, for he leaves shortly to return to India, to establish there a school of the dance. His art has been lavishly praised wherever he has appeared and the critics have not been able to say enough about the uniqueness and mysterious beauty of the dances.

In response to an insistent demand from last year's audience, Nathan Milstein has received a return engagement. The enthusiasm which greeted this amazing young violinist at his first concert here, was such that almost a furore was created. Never has there been in the history of the music society such a spontaneous outburst of appreciation as that which followed his playing. The concert is scheduled for March 2.

The last concert of the season will be that of the Budapest String Quartet on April 16. An opportunity to listen to really beautiful chamber music does not come very often and to many it fulfils a longing which nothing else satisfies. To close the series with an ensemble group seems particularly fitting and sets the seal of distinction on the judgment of the music society. The coming series is varied in its scope and contains some of the finest programs being offered anywhere in this country. —D. H.

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VERE BASHAM DEPARTS FOR ALL SORTS OF PORTS

You may walk past the Carmel Realty Company's window and look in today, but she won't be there at her desk. She's gone.

Vere Basham Dickinson has departed Carmel. She's gone East. She may not be back until Christmas, and she may not stay when she does come back. She has been inoculated with the going-somewhere bug and she's off. We watched her clean up her desk last Tuesday, throw away the bent paper clips and install new pen-wipers for her successor, who, by the way, hasn't been named, according to By Ford, operator of the place.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS may be small—but O, their muscle.

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

The story of the week which most interested this writer was about the three-masted schooner, *Tradewind*, formerly the *Margaret F. Sterling* of Seattle, which is being given new life and new wings because of the need for a supply ship by Pan-American Airways.

Thus the most recent method of travel is bringing back one of the most ancient, and wings over the clouds bring back into new value wings over the sea.

Like the pilot schooners that ply the San Francisco bar meeting the ships that approach the Golden Gate, the *Tradewind* will be a wanderer, but a far wanderer, roaming the North and South Pacific wherever the widespread air bases may be planted.

The *Tradewind*, carrying 18,000 feet of sail on 106-foot masts, replaces the steamer *Northwind*, at present on assignment as air base supply vessel. Besides sail she carries Diesel motors to turn twin screws. She was built in British Columbia for the American cargo trade and became a stranded carrier in 1929. Today she will sail again.

Her skipper will be Captain Halvor Mikkelsen, a Dane, who formerly commanded the *Tusitala*, famed in connection with Christopher Morley's "Three Hours for Lunch Club," and before that the *Seven Seas*, both great windships.

In the square-rigged *Tusitala*, Captain Mikkelsen made a record passage of 14 days from Seattle to Honolulu.

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Now for an O. O. McIntyre note: I recall, several nights ago, supping at an Italian hotel, one run by a Genovese family, which served a tremendous dinner with wine for six bits. First came a vegetable soup, accompanied by a marvelous cheese made up the coast near Half-moon Bay. Then T-bone steak with gnocci, a king of Piedmontese paste noodle, bathed in cheese, on a giant platter. Followed chicken, in quarters, and young and tender. Dago Red withal. And as we supped we did our best to carry on a little banter with the proprietor in mixed Italian. We stuffed, not like gentlemen and ladies, but a good time was had by all and with no regrets. I refuse to divulge the dining place.

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At last, a California sheriff who went to his grave without shooting a man although arresting his share of desperadoes: Sheriff R. R. Veale, of Contra Costa county, 40 years in office. His activities ranged from recovering $280,000 in gold along with the thief, to arresting Tom Mooney twice for possessing explosives, some time before the Preparedness Day bombing.

\+

That noble and reactionary United Farmers association again goes over the top: California's farm workers are the highest paid in the nation, so why pay them more? Answer: Because they are not paid enough to survive, under the conditions they face in this state. For one thing, a majority are denied county hospital aid. Secondly, few of them are even tenant farmers, raising their own subsistence.

\+

The San Francisco opera has provided an occasion that outstrips football in newspaper prominence. Mrs. This-and-that can now get her picture in the paper for no other excuse than that she is going to the Opera. Hubby may be going to soul-quakes at the same time, watching the zig-zag progress of a fitful stock market, for which every excuse has been dug up to explain away, just as in 1929 there were a number of interesting fairy tales coming from every expert.

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So the small-town newspaper trust is upon us: The *Pine Cone-Tide* combine. And more mildly amazing statistics foisted upon a simple and believing world. Ho! Ho!

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Cole Weston is at the Cornish School of Dramatics this year under a drama scholarship. Cole is the son of Edward Weston, well known photographer.

Miss Ada Howe Kent and Mrs. Margaret Kilpatrick are expected to return to Carmel the first of next month. The two women have been spending the summer in Europe.

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Expert on Civil Service Talks In Carmel

Doris Haney Jones, speaking at Pine Inn a week ago Thursday night on "Guiding Principles in Establishing a Civil Service System," declared that nothing elaborate in the way of superstructure for the administration of a merit or civil service system should be contemplated by governing units sustaining less than 150-200 employes.

"The structure of the Civil Service agency," Mrs. Jones said, "should be determined to consist with the general scheme in practice in a given locality."

Where a unit is big enough to sustain an ideal merit system agency, the first thing to consider, Mrs. Jones believes, is classification of the jobs and job analyses. In any worthy system you find the man to fit the job, not pick out a man who is cousin to a councilman and find a job that roughly accommodates him.

With a carefully chosen director, an appointed board, a thorough job classification, specification and analysis, with adequately prepared and checked competitive examinations —written, oral and performance— with continual vigilance over personnel problems and situations; opportunity for promotion and realignment within the body; with fair and defined methods of separation from the service and a developed enforcing procedure, Mrs. Jones says you can have a good merit system.

But this all takes money, of course, and is not suited to small communities. In the smaller city it is necessary to find a way consistent with the general policies of the existing administration. This, Mrs. Jones thinks, is neither impossible nor even difficult. Of the many ways to do it, she says the most popular is to appoint a board of three persons and call in such professional services in the field as can be afforded, or thought needful. Sometimes the city council itself acts as the civil service board, but this, of course, puts the system into politics.

Some cities just don't want to bring in qualified examiners and consultants and they must suffer the trial and error method. But Mrs. Jones emphasized the fact that you can have just as good a merit system as you are willing to put care and intelligent thought into.

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THINGS TO COME

MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Claude Rains and Gloria Dickson in "They Won't Forget" and Mickey Rooney and Anne Nagel in "Hoosier Schoolboy." Saturday, Chester Morris in "Flight From Glory" and Constance Bennett and Cary Grant in "Topper" with Roland Young. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Bobby Breen in "Make A Wish." Wednesday, Joan Crawford and Walter Huston in "Rain." Thursday, Friday, Kay Francis and Ian Hunter in "Confession" and Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Lee in "King Solomon's Mines."

Filmarte. Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth. Two performances at 7 and 9. Matinees, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30. Tonight and Saturday, William Powell and Rosalind Russell in "Rendezvous." Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan in "A Tale of Two Cities." Wednesday, Thursday, H. B. Warner in "Sorrell and Son."

CARMEL FORUM

Dr. Russel V. Lee will speak on the Control of Venereal Diseases at Sunset Auditorium, Tuesday, November 2, at 8 p.m.

LECTURE

William M. Danner will speak on the scientific care and cure of leprosy. Illustrated. At Pine Inn, Tuesday, November 2, at 8 p.m.

TURKEY SHOOT

American Legion Turkey Shoot and barbecue at Point Lobos Dairy, Point Lobos, Sunday, October 31. Admission free. Barbecue lunch, 50 cents.

FIRST-AID INSTRUCTORS COURSE

Dr. Claude F. Peters is now conducting a two-weeks' training course for First-Aid instructors. Standard Course certificate necessary to pass the course. Visitors welcome. Every night at 7:30 p.m. at Carmel Fire House.

DRAMA

Golden Bough Green Room, Saturday and Sunday, October 30 and 31. "By Candlelight," a Ted Kuster production, San Francisco cast. Tickets at Staniford's.

PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT

Starting October 30, to run for 10 days, exhibit of prints by Carmel Camera Club at Johan Hagemeyer's Studio, Ocean and Mountain View. Open from 2 to 5 o'clock.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitzi's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations.

POLO

At Del Monte Polo Fields every Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 3 o'clock. Open to the public without charge until December 1.

One of the very finest Tap Rooms on the Peninsula

JESS'

Our Gold Room Cocktail Lounge will please you

424 Alvarado Street
Elks' Building in Uptown Monterey

Elise Beaton Is Fire Essay Winner

Elise Beaton, eighth grade, won the Sunset School fire prevention composition contest, according to an announcement made yesterday by Robert Leidig, chief of the Carmel Fire Department. Elise won a rating of 80 per cent for her composition. Martina Tait was second and Eleanor Johnston, third.

All girls! Perhaps it would be a good idea for the Carmel firemen to resign in a body and let the other sex take over the department.

The composition contest followed a talk to the Sunset pupils by Chief Leidig during Fire Prevention Week. A similar contest was also held at Forest Hill School, but the results of the contest have not yet been announced. Prizes, not yet selected, will be awarded.

Elise's winning composition is as follows:

FIRE

Fire is a very useful element if it is used correctly, but if it is used incorrectly, it is destructive. A natural question is, "What would you do if a fire started in your home?"

Many people would say, "Oh, I don't know. I haven't really thought anything about it."

But if someone asked me that question, I'd say, "First, I would call the telephone operator and ask for the fire department. I would tell them where the fire was and how to get there. Next, I would try to get all of the people quickly and quietly out of the house. Then I would attempt to save some of the valuable things. When the fire engines came, I'd try to keep the people quiet and out of the way of the fire department."

The thing that often saves many lives is the fact that the firemen are prompt.

+ + +

Menu at Sunset Next Week

November 1 to 5

MONDAY

Soup—Carrot.
Salad—Banana.
Hot Dish—Macaroni and cheese.
Vegetable—Peas.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

TUESDAY

Soup—Vegetable.
Salad—Tomato Aspic.
Hot Dish—Baked Hash.
Vegetable—Artichokes.
Dessert—Cream Puffs.

WEDNESDAY

Soup—Cream of Tomato.
Salad—Pineapple.
Hot Dish—Baked Beans.
Vegetable—Carrots.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

THURSDAY

Soup—Alphabet.
Salad—Molded Vegetable.
Hot Dish—Candied Sweet Potato.
Vegetable—Diced Beets.
Dessert—Fruit Pudding.

FRIDAY

Soup—Bean.
Salad—Peach.
Hot Dish—Salmon Loaf.
Vegetable—Spinach.
Dessert—Ice Cream.

And, in addition, milk, fruit, hot rolls, etc., are served daily.

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Mrs. Cherry Myers Wild, who has recently opened El Carmelo Inn in Pacific Grove, was formerly in business in Carmel. Waffle hounds will remember her shop which was located on the corner of Sixth and San Carlos, now the site of the Mickey Mouse.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL CHARMING one-bedroom house for immediate sale. Very cheap. Terms if desired. Telephone 189 or 653-W. (18)

"PAT" IS FOR SALE. Lowest priced house on Carmel Point. Completely furnished and nice garden. Has view of the ocean, lagoon and Carmel Valley. See THOBURNS, across from the Library, or Carmel Realty Company. (18)

ROBLES DEL RIO. For sale. Half-acre and small cottage. Sacrifice for quick sale. $850. Address Box L-15, Cymbal Office, Carmel. (tf)

HOUSES TO RENT

TELEGRAPH HILL Cottage in San Francisco. High up. Magnificent view of city. Garden. Absent artist will rent at cost to right person for winter months. Inquire Box 178, Carmel. (tf)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—3-room apartment and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (tf)

ROOMS FOR RENT

ROOM WITH SHOWER and garage for rent. Telephone 1140-R. (18)

JOBS WANTED

STENOGRAPHER wants whole or part-time work, or as bookkeeper. Capable of managing an office. Address Box L-16, Cymbal Office, Carmel. (tf)

EXPERIENCED CHAUFFEUR, courteous, well-informed, wants a regular job on the Peninsula, or is available for special trips or tours. Address Box L-17, Cymbal Office, Carmel, or telephone Carmel 15. (tf)

SECRETARIAL WORK — Typing, stenography, bookkeeping, clerical work, hourly or part time. At your office or mine. Educated, experienced woman. P. O. Box 943. Phone 197-W. (tf)

HELP WANTED

GIRL WANTED. Must be over 21 years old. To manage and act as clerk in new retail store to open in Carmel. Salary and commission offered. Experience in dealing with public required. Must reply in writing. Address P.O. Box S-1, Carmel. (18)

FOR SALE
Miscellaneous

SUCCESSFUL SHORT STORY writer offers his text-book, etc., library for sale at $95. Cost $275. If you cannot write saleable fiction with the aid of my books, you never will be able to write. Lectures cannot replace printed instructions. Send Money Order and receive library prepaid. Get into Print! H. Friese, Box 243, Mill Valley, California. (19)

MASSAGE

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 563-W.

The Cymbal is a Good Souvenir of Carmel To Send Away

Red Cross Drive Starts Nov. 11

"At the Helm in Time of Need" is the slogan for the 1937 Red Cross Roll Call. Throughout the nation the membership appeal will begin on Armistice Day, November 11, and continue until Thanksgiving.

The membership quota accepted by Carmel Chapter is for 800 members. One dollar constitutes a single membership fee but in the case of the local chapter a special budget is necessary to take care of the needs of the welfare department. This quota is $3850 and will be utilized in furnishing milk for undernourished children, food and clothing for the underprivileged and hospitalization, nursing and medical supplies for the sick. A small sum will be necessary to maintain the Red Cross Ambulance in its work of mercy on the highways throughout the year.

First-aid courses will be conducted in the district during the year and special instructors trained in life saving.

The campaign organization for the conduct of the Roll Call and Relief Budget has been perfected under the leadership of Mrs. S. A. Trevvett. Its personnel, pledged to service, is composed of a group of loyal men and women believing in the principles of Red Cross and with the knowledge of the splendid work this great organization has made during the past year.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wehrhane of Manchester, Vermont, have arrived in Carmel for the winter. The Wehrhanes have a home in Carmel Valley and also take rooms in town at Pine Inn.

Office and Residence
Phone Carmel 929-J

Dr. T. Grant Phillips
Chiropractor

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CARMEL INVESTMENT CO.

BARNET J. SEGAL

OCEAN AVENUE NEXT TO THE POST OFFICE BUILDING
Telephone Carmel 63

SADE'S LICENSE TRANSFER WILL PROBABLY BE GRANTED

(Continued from Page One)

believe that there are any property owners in Carmel Saidee doesn't know about, we'll accept the Santa Claus story.

In regard to the protests from the church and the property owners, Bodley informed THE CYMBAL this week that neither he, the church, nor the property owners had received any acknowledgment from the state Board of Equalization of their communications and that he only learned of the calling of the hearing last week through Miss Clara Kellogg, member of the city council. He also said that an effort was being made to have a representative of the church attend the meeting of the Board of Equalization at Sacramento next Tuesday and present the church's protest in person.

Among other things, Crandall informed THE CYMBAL that he was aware of the intention of the owners of the building to enlarge it should Mrs. Latham lease it for her restaurant and tap room. This enlargement will extend out onto the 40-foot lot between the present building and the Community Church.

Crandall also informed us that Argyll Campbell's charges against "two other places" in Carmel for violations of the liquor law had "bogged down" at the private conference following the hearing last Thursday week. He said that it developed that there was only one piece of evidence on which Campbell had made his charges and that this referred to only one other tap room and occurred back in August, 1936. Crandall implied that no further investigation into Campbell's statements along this line would be made.

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Asilomar Club To Have Opening Dance Tonight

The opening dance of the Friday Night Club tonight at Merrill Hall, Asilomar, promises a lot of fun in a Hallowe'en mood for young people of all ages. Mrs. Miriam Watson, hostess for the Club, has planned some excellent "mixer" dances, a "Snowball Tag," a "Witch Dance," and "The Three Terrors," all planned so that those on the dance floor can meet each other. Mrs. Watson has also arranged for a short program by masked dancers who will give three numbers which will send shivers up and down your spine; a "Graveyard Pantomime," a "Ghost Dance" and a "Goblin Dance."

The idea of the club is to provide entertainment and recreation for Peninsula people at a very small cost (the dues are 50 cents a person) and to protect the guests from any of the annoyances they might find at a completely public dance. All interested in the dances are cordially invited to become members. The dance tonight begins at 8:30.

Patrons and patronesses are Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bixler, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Keeley, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Londahl, Anne Norwood, Robert Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Partridge, Captain and Mrs. M. L. Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. Paulsen Visel and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Watson.

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Two-car families in Carmel take two Cymbals. And for the same reason.

THIS THING AND THAT

EVENSONG, OR THE PARTIALLY TRUE TALE OF A CALIFORNIAN AFIELD

Once upon a time there was a little-girl-at-heart, who was no longer really a little girl at all, alone in a Very Big City. And the First Thing she always did at 5:03 p.m., not counting powdering her nose and sliding down the elevator, was to hand to the Blind Man at the foot of the skyscaper where she worked three cents for an Evening Paper.

It was October 29th of another year and Indian summer had poured wine into metropolitan veins and down into the brown-fingered twigs of city trees.

This is Weather to be Out In, said the little-girl-at-heart. Of course, if one wishes to find a Tree the best thing to do is to find a park first. I shall go at once to the Big Park in the Center of the City. I will read my Evening Paper, she said, among the squirrels and the red leaves. That way, I shall not be Wasting Time, for I can fill my lungs with Ozone and a Lot of Peace.

That is why the girl dropped five cents into a Noisy Piece of Wood Waist High down in the dark. When she had done this, the Piece of Wood relaxed and let her go through to the Inside where she could board Anything that Might Come By. So she rode in an Underground Iron Horse as far as a place called a Circle.

This place is called a Circle because it is so full of Traffic that everyone's head goes around in Nothing Else; and also because it has a statue of a man who once kept on saying no matter how his friends laughed that going around the world is just going around in circles anyway; until at last he won, and his friends said, here now, you, take these boats and either prove it or keep still.

Well, the little girl looked around and saw that only three or four heel-scuffs ahead was the Big Park in the Center of the City. At first everything looked lovely. Fourteen old gentlemen were already seated in a paunchy line on green benches reading *their* Evening Papers. But the air still shrieked with taxis missing the curb by an eighth inch, the Elevated swayed in plain sight; the Earth Shook from thundering Iron Horses underneath; and the little girl said, there is far too much Celerity and Bustle here; I shall go Farther.

No sooner had she started dancing down a small dusty road—neither broad nor narrow, like the Mama Bear's chair in the story about the three bears—singing softly to herself while she looked for a likely place to read an Evening Paper, than a Wide Policeman rushed out of a syringa bush and said, this here's a bridle path, lady.

What's that? she asked.

It's just for horses, he said.

My father was in the King's Equerry and my grandmother . . . But the Wide Policeman had her by the arm and she had to get off the bridle path, although she felt sure the horses wouldn't care and they were all home eating hay by this time, anyway.

Bother, she called back. You're a policeman, *you* tell me where I can read an Evening Paper.

Sure, lady, he said; try the Library.

Oh, *no*, she cried. You're wrong, officer! This is a Very Big City and they take your own things away from you at the Library Door. Why, once, on a rainy day . . . listen to this one, officer . .

But the policeman had his hands full again. He was turning back a nostalgic-faced horse who had slipped over four hooves and two front wheels onto the bridle path. I wonder who *does* go on that pretty path, said the little girl as she walked sadly away.

Luckily the raging honking boulevard was shortly crossed again by a Tinier Yet path. That's promising, thought the girl, sticking her chin out and tumbling her head back to read the square green sign. "To the Barnyard," it said quite plainly. That is, she added, if they are not all crowing at the same time.

First thing she knew, there were two polar bears asleep, or, rather, playing 'possum in a ponderous Nordic way. A high railing ran all around, cemented into a ledge where one could—if it mattered enough to one—sit cautiously on one's very edge. At last, she said, and hastily opened the still Tightly Twisted Evening Paper.

The girl had only gotten well into the weather forecast when a Man with a Key approached and cried, all out! She thought he must be playing a game and shouted eeny, meeny, miney, mo, back at him. But it seemed he really meant it and he scowled dreadfully.

She left the polar bears and followed the Man with a Key, not knowing where "out" was and hoping it would be close by. It was. The Man locked a gate enclosing the bears, monkeys, white rabbits, and half the aoudad's quarters, the hind quarters. When she pointed out to him that this omitted several creatures equally deserving, he rattled the Key at her.

The girl fled to some benches alongside the midtown police headquarters which oddly enough furnished what you might call ringside seats at the pool of two disturbingly naked sealions, habitat Lower California. She settled down once more, but it instantly became apparent that the Californians were running true to form, gathering about themselves a credulous throng to listen to their barking.

She cast a hopeful eye in the direction of the aoudad. An itinerant artist was sketching his (the aoudad's) picture, and he (the artist) looked so much like the aoudad, that the girl knew it would make her more nervous than ever, thinking the animal had got out—what with the state she was in by reason of policemen jumping out of syringas and men in denim with keys and all that.

Well, there didn't seem to be much more to do about it. She tried a few more benches on the way back to the Circle. Every time she looked up, her mind full of W.P.A. statistics or the names of Spanish generals, there would be a man sitting on the bench opposite her, or sitting on the bench beside her, or not sitting on any bench at all but just looking at her, until she decided what was it all about anyway.

Maybe, she thought, they are afraid I will hurt my eyes, reading in the dusk this way.

One of them made little chirruping noises at her as though he thought she were a squirrel. She never *has* made up her mind whether he was crazy or whether he really thought she was a squirrel.

So she took the subway home. The Morning Editions would be out later in the Evening. And she could read tomorrow's Evening Paper in the morning before lunch.

—EDITH FRISBIE

Leprosy Control Lecture Here On Monday

William M. Danner, for many years general secretary of the American Mission to Lepers, will speak at Pine Inn Monday, November 1, at 8 p.m. on "The Achievement of Modern Science in the Prevention, Care and Cure of Leprosy, in the Orient and the United States." The talk will be illustrated with maps and slides showing the extent of the disease in this country. At present there are 1200 cases within the boundaries of the United States. Most of them are collected in the Leper Colony in Carville, Louisiana, where they are given treatment and care as much as the present subsidy will permit.

The aim of the American Mission to Lepers is to wipe out all traces of the disease all over the world. The organism cannot live outside of the body, is not inherited and not communicable except by actual contact.

Danner will speak before the students of Sunset School at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning and before the Pacific Grove Congregational Church at 2:30 in the afternoon of the same day.

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